

Veronica Thule



Borealis Night

*Feeling 's Transmutations
in Nature 's Voices*

*2nd Edition
São Paulo*

2009

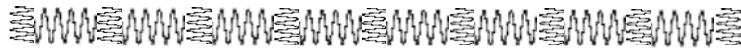


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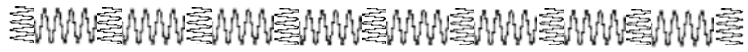
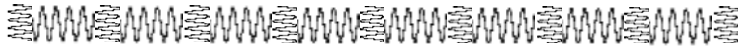


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Prelude



** The Creation pervades Nature **

** Surpassing physics when the heart calls **

** Renewing when true lovers break apart **

** Searching the impossible when the dearest one is lost. **

*By shifting cycles,
turning life into nothing
and wish into life,*

*When a match is perfect, one of them must leave,
When someone is set, is not always what was before, Is by chance that one is found in
wrong place,
in wrong time?*

Moving slow or fast, is how risk is being felt;

*The urge of being challenged to prove,
and the tragedy of the personal advantages
disrupt the balance.*

*Positive changes are born from attitudes.
Beauty emerges from empty,
when prevails the truth
and the cycle passes*

*Happen in nature, and inside each heart,
be as a breeze carrying the smell,
or as torment ruining the life.*





Embedded in alchemy, the thoughts of Nature's elements emerge, through experiences facing the loss, through the overcome moment, arising Creation to surpass the pain, altering fate.

The human sense of this words cheers and reaches one's heart, while the alchemical content challenges to unveil and unlock the mind. The elements are transmutating, and if touched by them, so transmutate us.

Have a nice trip to North!



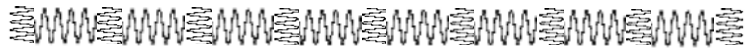
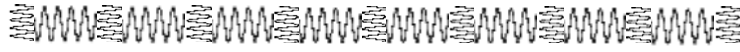


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Eclipse



*The names of all Nights are mysteries
kept by the beings of the dark
as is occult what goes in a Night's heart.*

*Is said that they feel natural attraction for the Days
despite being from them inexorably apart.*

*A charming impediment
seducing and provoking
as nowhere in the Universe
the wish modulated in passion
ties itself to limits,*

*and a Night, young and in love,
burning in curiosity and taste for adventure
soon makes herself bold.*

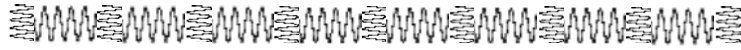
*And so some Nights,
with the purpose of enjoying the companion of their opposites,
even for a brief moment,
challenge the impositions of Nature,
creating slidings in their predictable and expected paths.*

In these moments the Eclipses are born and take the skies.

*They are children of the Nights with the Days,
and their sight shed over Gaia
the tenderness of the love found,
the tranquility that follows cease of suffering
the satisfaction of the wish attended,
and the Victory over the immutable laws
that are limits to the expansion.*

*They are therefore gorgeous Creations
the supremacy of daring over rule,
a reminder that everything can be achieved in the Universe.*





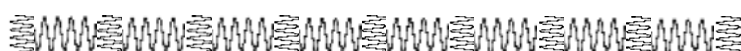
*They are the shine of possibility and,
yet brief as can be
by the perplexity of their mere existence,
are eternally remembered by those luck enough to see.*

*And as a prize,
Sun and Moon find in such moments
the opportunity for their fast encounters
Because to love is part of the Nature*

*But the Nights can create more than Eclipses,
when the subject is love.*

*The mystery of the names of all Nights,
are reserved to witches
and beings of the dark,
but among the many Nights,
only two are mature.*

*The Artic Polar Night,
who attends by the name
of Borealis
and her sister in the South,
the Antarctic Polar Night,
who is largely known
as Australis.*



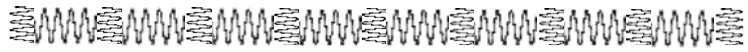
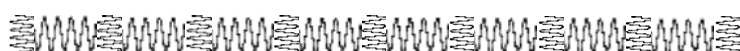


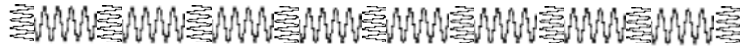
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A photograph of the Aurora Borealis (Northern Lights) in a snowy, forested landscape at night. The sky is dark, and the aurora appears as vibrant, flowing bands of green and yellow light. The foreground shows a snow-covered ground with silhouettes of evergreen trees.





*Sorealis proceeds with the luminous preparations,
in Greenland,
the chosen stage for the show tonight.*

*Water green, orange and purple
are being instructed
they are the main colors that will arise.*

*The few residents of the nearby surroundings,
interrupt the activities to watch the opus, dazzled.
They are few in these isolated lands, man and animals.
But for her the small audience is enough..*

*Sorealis learned her secret
from someone that she loved. deeply.*

*Along eras they stayed together
and while enjoying the warm companion
they would dress up with the colors he played.*

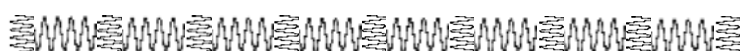
*But then came the event
when the long affair ended,
and the leftover was the shared secret.*

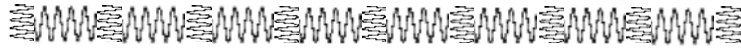
*The Gnome each time more intensely,
applied his talent to diffuse the light,
becoming of all, the blackest one*

*while Sorealis attracted the spectrum
dressing up in colors sadly,
every time she missed the lover.*

But one day,her pain was healed.

*And then she noticed that,
during the period in which she had eyes only for him
life forms appeared in the place,
were once there was few more than ice and wind.*



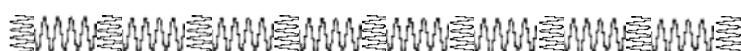


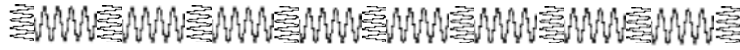
*Life forms developed
Life forms transformed
Modified, transmuted,
giving origin to many species,
profusions of variants of one,
and now the surface, that was once lonely
hosts a myriad of friends.*

*And she noticed that
for these beings of short life,
being born and dying surrounded by her light,
for them,
the painting on the sky represents very often,
the only good they have,
the only truth,
that the Aurora will always comes to marvel them
and relieve their pain.*

*They had for her real love,
and so she shed,
the love dedicated so long to one,
over all creatures in there.*

*Now,
when is the time for her to wake up
she dress in colors herself not sadly as before,
but happily, for them,
the beings of the Dole.*





*The secret, learnt together,
is simple in its expression,
but very difficult to master.
The secret is same, the use opposite.*

*The Night uses to attract,
the Gnome to disperse.*

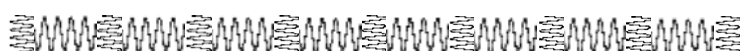
*The Gnomes reflect the colors of their frequency,
but what this Gnome do
is very different than that.*

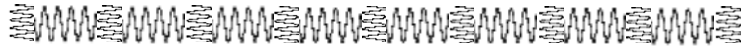
*This secret of the lovers
is to speak the language
of the beams of light.*

*The light beams travel to any direction,
they enjoy just the movement,
the trajectory don't mind..*

*They are conscious of positioning,
important for each being,
and cooperate in the places
through were they choose to be.*

So, if one asks them gently to turn, they kindly agree.





*They share the space with the dark,
and the balance will try to keep.*

*So, when the Gnome asks them to turn,
it is just an indication
of the best performance
that they can achieve.*

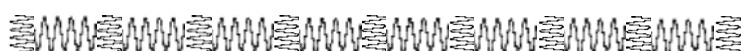
*In this planet few know how to speak with the beams,
and are welcome to say where the dark should be.*

*Borealis,
in contrast to the occult preference of her lover,
got attached to the bright beams,
and became an expert choreographer.*

*For those who watch the colorful spectacle,
the Polar Night is a painter,
but for the light beams she directs a play.*

*To visit the Polar Night,
and to participate of her ballet,
is an event that pleases the light beams
Borealis is a legend among them.*

*Be to participate, be to watch, is said that
one who is involved in one of her pieces,
will never ever be the same one again.*



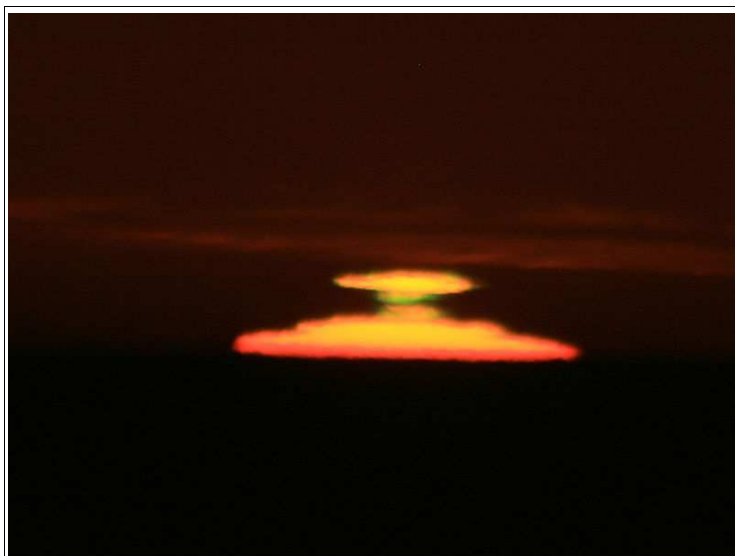
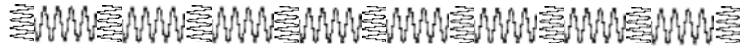


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Mirage



One day a lonely light beam went to North Pole.

-Would you like to join us? - asked Borealis.

The beam of light turned over itself, raising its wave frequency, until it turned purple red, signaling in negative.

-Is there something I can do for you? - completed the Night, known as a great hostess.

*The beam of light talked,
raising and reducing the length of wave,
transmitting the content of the thought,
in the beautiful language that Borealis understand..*

*The language of the beams of light
is one the most beautiful among all,
only compared in charm to the Angel's dance.*

*The beam of light came only to watch,
because it was tired.*

Its name was Mirage.

-Why are you tired? - asked Borealis

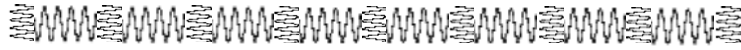
-I will tell if you wish so - answered Mirage

*One day I was moving around,
up and down, glittering in the air
We were young,
a group of light beams just arrived from the Sun.*

*Then to our surprise,
we saw an amazing bright
coming down from the skies.*

*It was a floating house.
By curiosity we burnt,
as we were young*





and didn't know much.

*We came closer, to see him and his place
and we had great fun,
reflecting in the subtle surface,
in the translucence bright of that incredible shape.*

*When Night fell the entertainment was over,
and my friends left.
Others beams came to play in the house, and left.
I stayed*

*And so I was there until dawn.
The night isn't exactly my time and...ah, sorry!*

*The beam of light got red and embarrassed, because he was talking with a Night "I mean, I didn't
know much..."*

-Don't worry, I am not offended, but, what was this being?

*Well, as I said it was dawn
when he came out to walk,
without any fear,
without any doubt.*

So I followed

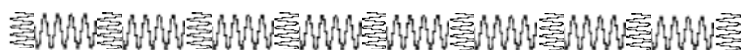
" - Why didn't you go out with your friends? - spoke the visitor from the skies."

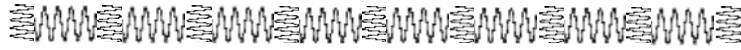
What wasn't my surprise!

*I am curious about you, I answered,
where did you learn to speak our language?*

" - I am an Angel" - he said - I can speak with all that is Created.."

*And so we talked for many days,
until we spoke about love
"- Yes, we can love each other
but you are young, and love is unsure.
I go where I am needed
and Nature will take me away,*





*and as a beam of light you must know,
by your own, all that a Universe has to show.
To love is to build yourself more dense,
with the feeling you give and receive,
and not to loose yourself when is gone,
because with Time everything changes. "*

*This was what he said,
I thought I understood,
and we loved each other*

*Then he became light
and we traveled hand by hand,
surfing through air differences,
making mirrors everywhere.*

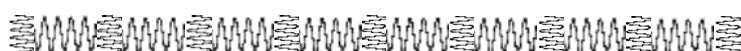
*From the air lawyers we found
the way to recognize
the nicer temperatures,
that turn straight into curves,
pressing together the lights,
making us vibe.*

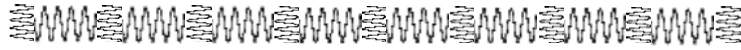
*And then hit the chosen matter,
to finally rebound,
leaving behind us a mirror,
our unique love sign.*

But one day he left.

*"Is my turn to join mankind.
When I am there I will see you, but not remind.
if this happens forgive me.
Our love made me better,
I hope you are brighter with mine".*

*This was what he said.
and so we made a last trip,
traveling all the planet,
finishing our journey
with a great mirror in Finland.*





*And this was the first time
that I heard mankind calling us Mirage
so I took the name to remember this day.*

*Indeed I became more brilliant,
and I know I was warned,
but I miss him so painfully.*

*I know he cannot remember,
but I will never forget.
So I do colorful mirrors,
all the time, everywhere.*

*I fill the world with mirrors,
and everyone know who I am,
in all languages, in all lands.*

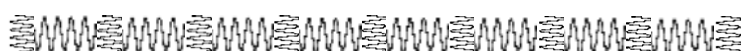
- But why do you do these mirrors? - Asked Borealis

*Because I know that man suffer
and also I know he is there,
so I do mirages for him,
the most beautiful ones that I can*

*In the hope that one day
my Angel will look above
and the mirror I give to him
can make a smile, in a moment,*

*Or perhaps relieve the heart
if it happens to be heavy
and who knows, deep in the mind
he remember, who I am
and how is the world outside,
and can rest in the remind,
that his time among man will be over.
The Night was touched.*

- I understand you - she said thinking in the lost love, in a way she didn't do since long.



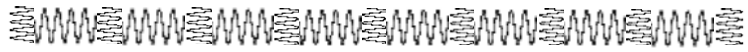
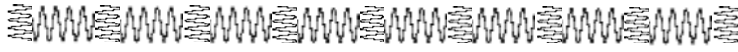


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Taris



- I keep the same feeling - said someone approaching.

- Hello friend, what are you? - asked Mirage

- This is Taris, a fairy - answered Sorealis

- Nice to meet you Taris, what do a fairy do?

- I make winds, by principle - said Taris

*Taris is a torus, or toroid cloud made of wind.
She turns around herself and has the grayish dark blue color of the storms.*

- But I charm man too - she completed.

- What about the feeling you said? - asked Mirage

*"Well, the Angels came to this planet
in very ancient times.*

*They copulate with Nature,
and as so one of them
made winds at my side.*

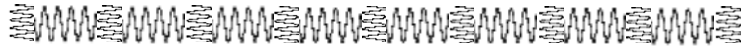
*Like as almost all of them,
he also lives with mankind
but I miss him so deeply that
I look for him all the time.*

*So when I see a nice man,
one that could be Angel
I spell him with a charm."*

- And how is this charm? - asked Mirage, curious

*- It is a charm that spreads.
I threw it in few men but now it is everywhere.
As I am made of wind,
I spread everything.*





- *But what do this charm do with man? - insisted the beam of light.*

- *It does a mirror similar to yours, Mirage.
The charm puts a mirror in front of the eyes,
and the man are so thrilled watching themselves
that this way they spend their lives,
not looking to anything else.*

- *What do the charm will do to your Angel? - asked Borealis*

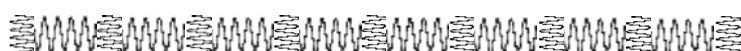
- *He will see out here, in the images behind,
and above, and bellow. And besides.
An Angel will not stay long looking at a mirror,
they do not bind to the same image,
even of their own, of incomparable beauty.*

*So I want do good and remind,
when he is so tired to live,
to the point that he almost refuse to open his eyes,
that there is a wonderful world surrounding him,
awaiting for his return.*

- *The Angels are lucky for having friends like you - said Borealis.*

- *It has nothing to do with luck - said Taris.*

- *No, really not - completed Mirage - Love is simple, the Angel is a light as myself, and when a light
turns down, the other that loves just light it up.*



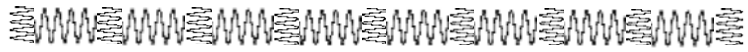
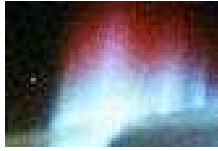
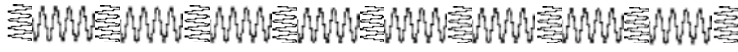


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Tritium



-Your charm spread beyond you can imagine.

-Who said that? - asked Taris

*The speaker was a tiny thing,
made of sequential and reflexive translucent dots,
with a radioactive shine, lined up when standing, and making nice triangles and other geometric possibilities
while moving.*

-What are you? - asked Mirage

-He is the element Tritium, we work together to make storms - said Taris.

*-I am an Hydrogen element, a very rare one. I am a radioactive isotope and differ from my brothers
by atomic mass.*

-That explains your soft bright, you are beautiful - said Mirage.

- Thank you. This bright is reserved for the few that can see.

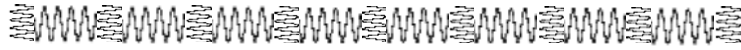
- What did you say about my charm? - asked Taris

*-Ah, yes. Some people look at your mirror
and see their own reflex, just as you intended,
but there are others that sometimes
also place it between them and the others.*

*So, when they see their reflex in others,
they get attached to these others,
because they see themselves in them,
but it just works while both share*

*They share opinions and ideas,
but then comes an disagreement,
and soon or later the mirror breaks.*





*They get confused, because
they believed to be talking to themselves*

*They won 't like the companion anymore
and even wonder why they ever came to enjoy it
when they find how very different they are*

*And instead of affection, they exchange a cold gust
and don 't understand what happened..
And so man goes liking and disliking,
believing in the mirrors they make,
that are always appearing or breaking.*

*But don't worry fairy,
humans are used
and this is how they live and enjoy living,
you couldn't unmake it now.*

*You can't imagine how thick
is the broth of charms inside which they dip.*

- Hey, is starting...

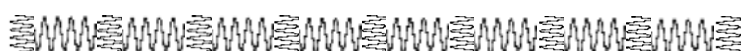


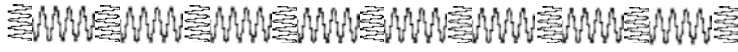


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The Dance Of The Lights



*Welcome to the North Pole of Gaia!
said Borealis - With great joy I open the first presentation of this year. All invited lights are in
position and we will start. I hope you enjoy!*

*The Night spreaded herself
during the instants of the initial darkness
a tense moment for the beams of the ballet,
that awaited the entrance almost motionless.*

*The audience keep the silence, attentive
expecting the start of the magic presentation.
when the first colorful lights reveals.*

*And they lighted up,
water green hues opening in a great V
converting to dark green,
and joining the points to turn into a magnificent spiral,
keeping precisely the golden proportion,
while an ethereal orange emerges slowly from the center, contrasting in this great start,
deserving the viewer's astonished eyes.*

*In accelerate rise, the ballet follows its narrative.
The Wind whistles in harmony with the lights
now softly and then dramatically,
complementing the feelings of the color's expressions.*

The dance would continue for many hours, representing the life and beauty of Gaia.



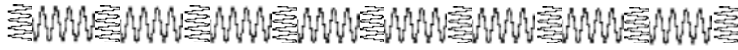
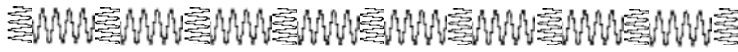


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The Great Iceberg



The first act represents the moment in which the Sun notices the sparkling youth and beauty of the Moon.

*Mirage saw the Great Iceberg quietly crying,
and asked the reason to the fairy of winds.*

*- The Iceberg always cries when the colorful lights bright,
the motive is so old that today few know.
You should ask to Borealis, they are good friends.*

*So Mirage called the Night in a reserved spot,
and asked gently if she could explain
what is the pain disturbing the great stone.*

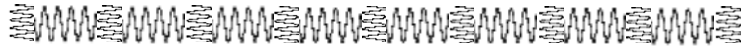
*- The Great Iceberg of the North Pole
is a darling friend,
but shouldn't be here - said Borealis.*

*But about what you want to know
I can tell that all happened long ago
few events after an ancient human group,
inhabitant of the surface,
went to live in the Oceans,
becoming the People of the Deep Sea.*

*The humans of then were split in three,
one group went to the bottom of the Sea,
the other stayed over the waters and become the Mermaids,
and the third group, set in the middle,
gave origin to the ocean mammals.*

*The Great Iceberg was an Ocean Current,
young and vibrant, carrying fishes, turtles,
playing and annoying the whales.
Daring and fearless,*





*wishing to know everyone and everything,
she had friends in all the seas,
but Fate was not on her side.*

*Isolated battles took the sea in those times,
the scenario of an endless war.
The people of deeps against the Mermaids.
The ones in the middle,
whom at that point already transmuted
and become dolphins and whales,
just watched with attention,
and run, because they were hunted as meat for both.*

*That war was happening for so long,
that when we realized it had more that just purpose
The war had turned into their way of living.*

*Groups of fishes, mammals, waters, fungi
and many others built their lives,
maneuvers and interests over that war,
and just seemed to us,
that this would never stop.*

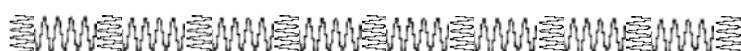
*The political frame had become so complex,
that nobody understood it in full,
it was difficult even to have an opinion
Must of us just watched perplexed.*

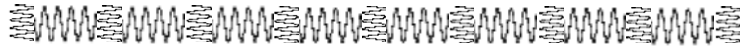
*So well, during a battle
our friend the former Sea Current
crossed a conflicting area, unwarned*

*The People of the Deep,
experts about Ocean Currents,
used her in their favor to dispatch a great explosion.*

*That reached the main civilian spot
and the Mermaids were almost extinct.*

*The damage was so big and unpredictable,
because of the presence of Current,*





*that the people of the deeps
were rapidly declared winners,
while everyone was astounded.*

*Political maneuvers immediately came up
before anyone could react,
and the balance of forces was irreversibly broken.*

*The opportunists got what they wanted,
by breaking the war rules,
and the Ocean Current was made into pieces.*

*At the moment of the event,
while the warriors gathered their people,
she tried to recover her pieces,
but her parts were afraid,
and wouldn't join anymore.*

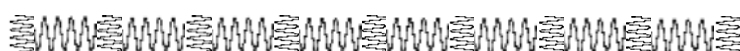
*And she was afraid herself,
not knowing how to encourage her parts
to merge back, so to become health.
And so, slashed and scared,
she wouldn't travel so fast anymore,
picking the quieter parts to pass.*

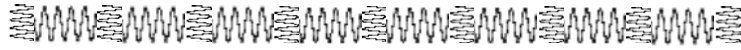
*Until that point she could stand,
the worse came later.
She went to her equals, the other Currents,
to find support and rest, but found coldness.
They said she helped the People of Deep,
the ones the waters were unofficially against.
They suggested she did intentionally,
cynically pretending to forgive and forget.*

*That was a fake generosity,
because they refused to listen to her version.
They wanted to pose as good and indulgent,
stepping on her, praising their pride.*

- How could they think this way?

- Because they wanted to think.





*Was easier to believe that she did a mistake,
than to face their own failures and incompetence
in the attempts to mediate.*

*They used as argument
that a strong and experienced stream,
would certainly know where she goes
and could not be caught so suddenly*

- And what she did?

*For a while she continued her life
but she were mistreated,
and for centuries she tried to understand the motive.
Why the Universe did cross all the lines in a point,
to blow over her an explosion.
This thought took her entirely,
and soon she was unable to cut the sea,
as she was more and more sad and cold*

- And so she arrived here?

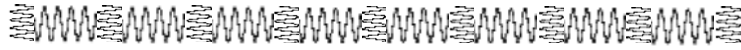
- Yes.

*As she was caught when she believed to be strong,
she doubted of her own strength,
seeing dangers everywhere,
slowing her movements.*

*She just thought about possible risks,
about how to avoid more violence,
and what then when I brought her here,
where she froze and stop her movements.*

*And here the former Sea Current,
now turned into Great Iceberg, feels safe.
The Polar Day and I take care of her.
The whales saw the truth,
and spoke in her defense,
but nobody wanted to hear.
After all, it was less one Current to share the space
So the whales still come to see her.*





- *This is a sad history. And there is nothing to be done?*

- *No, all that I said is past, and this is her nature now.*

Mirage become dark, the feeling of impotence clouding her expression.

- *The animals adapted here are great companions.*

*The North Pole is a place aside,
we are all bonded by similar histories.*

*If you want joy you will not find
in the place of the bold,
tired of the world,
who seek an independent life,
no matter how high it costs.*

- *You don't like here, Borealis?*

- *I did not say that, little beam of light.
I like here because we are authentic.
All of us had one day the heart exposed.
We have sad histories but we are happy,
because we live the truth,
and, being united, friendly and honest,
we can make the brightest spectacle of Gaia happens.
Besides, the Good Unseen protects the good,
and Nature is generous.
By our willingness to live in the Pole,
our animals have the most efficient and beautiful
fur and skins of Gaia,
the food is few but rich,
and nobody gets sick.*

*We are used to the cold,
and nobody that is false
reaches here to disturb,
because their masks would freeze in their faces.*

Mirage smiled.

- *Now go back to the audience, please,
I hope you are happy to be here.*

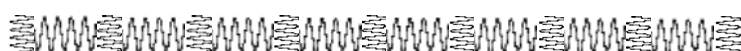
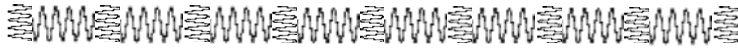




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The Matter Of The Darkness



*A small group of humanoids, composed of
six large individuals covered in white thick fur,
were crossing an icy valley
without bothering with the lights.*

- Who are those man - Mirage asked to Tritium- and why they don't look to the Aurora?

*- They are a very old group,
and always inhabited this Tolo.*

*They are more antique than the humans of the Continents. Nobody know exactly for how long they are
here,*

*because they are discreet and rarely speak,
but perhaps since the beginning,
since Gaia become suitable for humanoids.*

*They keep the same population ratio,
and are known as legends by the civilized humans,
who calls them "Abominable Snowman".*

- Why? Are they abominable?

- No, they are just recluse.

*They don't harm anyone,
but are very skilled if self defense is needed.*

- But why they don't look to the lights?

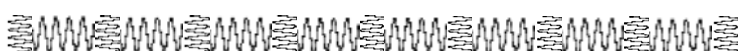
- The leader has a problem with Borealis.

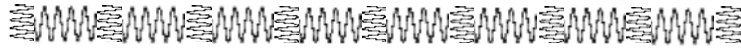
- A problem?

- Yes. He insists that she must prove that she exists.

*- But why the Snowman thinks Borealis doesn't exist,
if he dares her?*

- They are interesting.





*They don't pay much attention to facts or senses,
favoring logic and reason.*

- But what is his argument?

- It is not a simple thought.

*For start, according to him,
the Day appears in the side that the Sun hits the planet
so supposedly the illumination would come from the Sun..*

*In this case, The Night would be
just the shadow of Gaia,
because if you would take the planet off the way,
the sunlight would cross the space directly.
So Borealis wouldn't actually exist,
she would be just a shadow.*

- Makes sense.

- Yes, it seems, but he kills his own argument in this point.

- How?

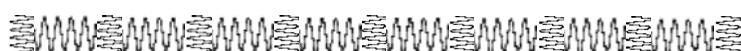
- Well, he says that the Sun is a star, as any other star, and supposedly there exist infinite stars.

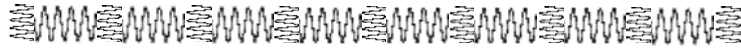
- Yes.

*- Then, despite the Sun being our nearest star,
in existing infinite stars,
the shine in space would be infinite too,
so Gaia would receive illumination by all sides,
from the infinite stars.*

*Would take a while for the light of each star
to be propagated and reach here,
but, as stars keep emitting light while they exist,
from the moment the shine arrives,
the subsequent shines would continue reaching,
as long as that star exists,
so there would be no shadow of Gaia and,
of course, Borealis would not be a shadow!*

- What a twist!





- *He means that the Universe would be
all light and not dark.*

Based on that, his question is:

Why is the Night dark?

It is not exactly the existence of the Night.

- *How interesting! Please continue.*

- *He has a point.*

*He wants believe that,
or there aren't infinite stars,
and the Universe is not infinite,
or they are infinite and, in this case,
the Night is a mysterious entity,
who covers one side of the planet by her own wish,
picking the side opposed to the Sun,
only to be disguised and confused with a shadow.*

- *I see. And what does he wants from her?*

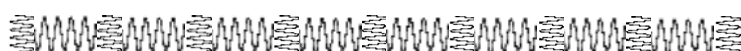
- *He demands that Sorealis tells us her identity,
and her secret,
and provokes her saying that if she wants
to be confused with a shadow,
than she does not deserve his attention.
This argument of them,
when not stuck is funny, they are both stubborn.*

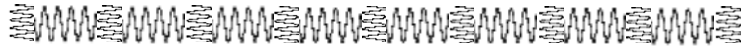
- *What does the Night answer?*

- *Nothing. Most times she just smiles,
and makes him furious.
But you are a beam of light,
do you know something about this?*

- *No, I don't. I am young.
I particularly were born in the Sun,
but I know other beams of light
that were born in other stars.*

- *And this other beams of light live here in Gaia?*





- Yes, they live here.

*- Interesting. Tell me one thing.
Have you ever being behind a moving helix?*

- No, why?

*- Because this is another theory of the Snowman.
He says that Borealis could be a phenomenon
performing fast helix movements.*

*We think might have some truth on that,
after all Borealis has a natural talent as choreographer,
what makes believe in a great experience
with precise movements,
and wouldn't be difficult to conclude that
she is herself an intricate collection of movements.*

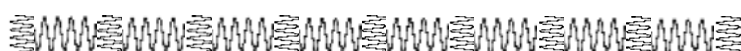
- And how would it work?

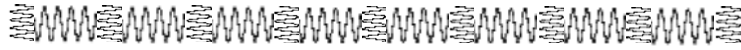
*- Well, if the Night is not a shadow,
but a material entity,
and covers the sunlight at the point she settles,
a first thought would make think
in something with a dense mass,
because it can even cover the potent Sun.*

*But in that case, this mass would covers
all the other celestial components,
and we would see only the black mass.*

*- Ok. I am starting to understand..
So if she reproduces a phenomenon
that moves like a helix,
it would obscures but not cover what is behind..*

*- Yes. If something crosses too fast in front of the eyes,
for many creatures,, such as the Snowman,
it will lessen slightly the intensity of the light,
however, their eyes will interpolate
the previous and later images,
in the moment of the interruption,*





*and understand as a continuous image,
just a little darker than it really is.
In this case, this difference of tone
would pass almost unnoticed.*

- Yes, it happens this way.

*- In summary, Snowman thinks that
the Night could be a phenomenon
performing helix movements,
in many layers perhaps,
or something that would cause a similar optical effect,
but so huge, intricate, magnificent
and perfectly synchronized,
that would cover most part of the light
received from the stars, however without hidden them.*

- His theory makes sense.

*- He developed this theory with
the Black Gnome,
and we followed with the most interest,
but we don't see the Black Gnome
in these lands for a while.*

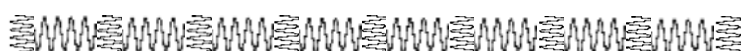
*When the Gnome left,
the Snowman lost his partner,
and the speculation ceased.*

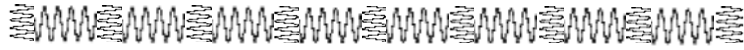
*But, answering to your comment,
almost everything that the Snowmen say makes sense,
they think a lot before speaking.*

- How rich is in the mind of the ones who live here!

*- Welcome to our favorite place!
The North Pole is a separate
universe within Gaia, self-sufficient,
independent, and complete.*

*What you saw today is a sample.
More important however, Mirage,*





*is that you realized that you must keep
your senses and mind opened,
to see the peculiarity existent in every corner,
even in those in which, in a first view,
seems to have nothing.*



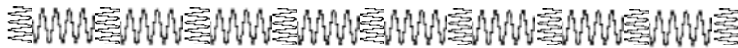


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Just Letting Go



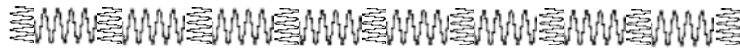
Mirage changed her color, signaling comprehension.

*And, moving apart from Tritium,
let the mind fly lost, delighted by the dance,
looking at the sky until the moment when,
in an impulse,
joined enraptured by the colorful lights,
irresistibly attracted by the rhythm of the movements,
and without noticing the time,
stayed dipped in the poetic saturation,
until the end of the show.*

*Then Mirage found in itself a new color,
a shade, sparkling and unknown.
Mirage now bears the Lux of comprehension,
of the mind opened to the unpredictable,
and guided by this bright,
will drive the life henceforth.
More brilliant, more shining, more dense.
Mirage found much more than she expected..*

Now the beam of light knows what to look for.





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